

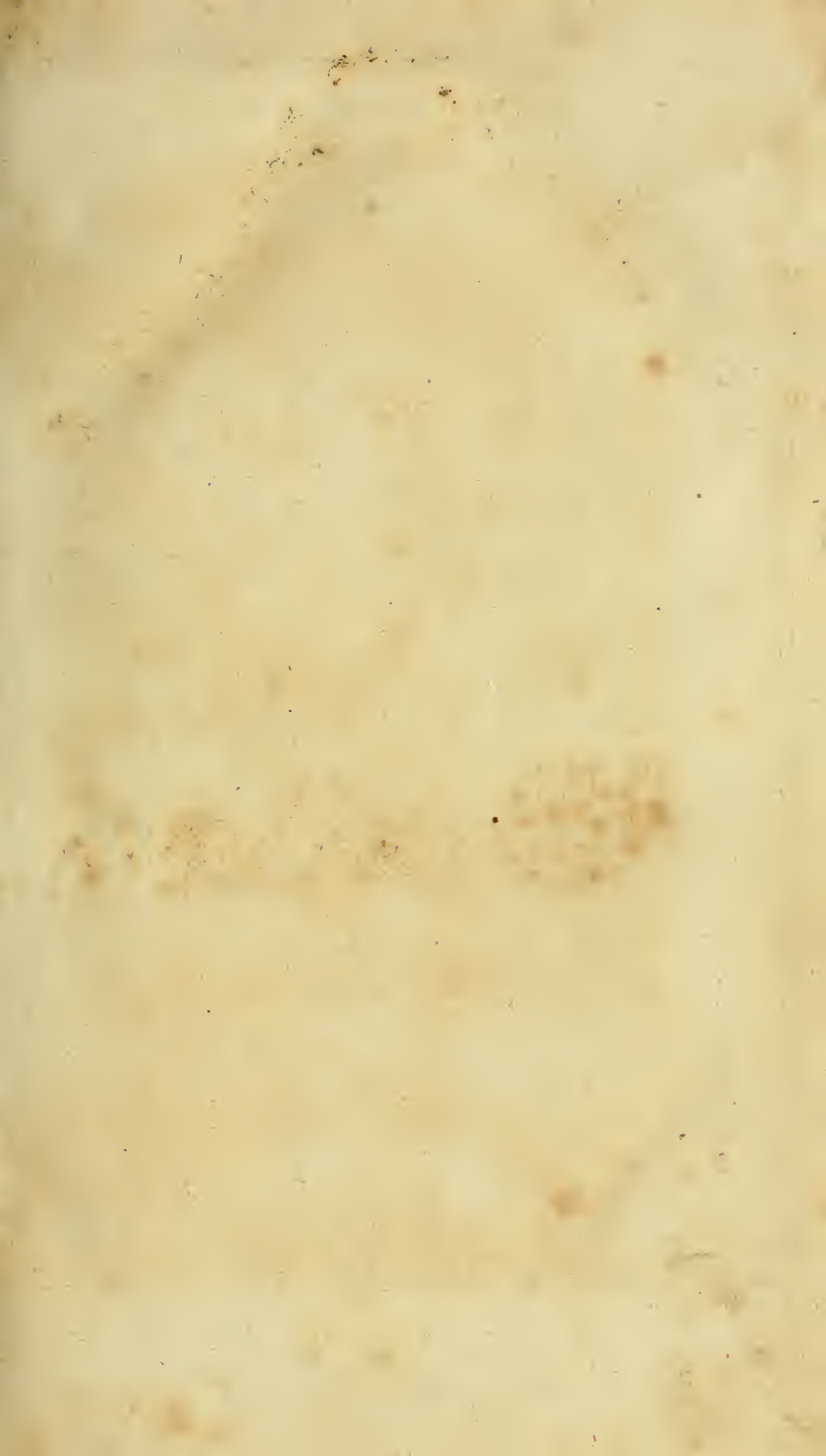


Will^d. Man.

Salt.









Richter del.

Angus sculp.



Nichol del.

Mallet sculp.

The Fairies by moonlight trip round thy green bed.

Published as the Act directs by Bellamy & Roberts June 20. 1791.



THE
P L A Y S
OF
William Shakspeare,
COMPLETE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES,

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,
COMEDY OF ERRORS,
MERCHANT OF VENICE,
TAMING OF THE SHREW.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE ENGRAVINGS TO THIS VOLUME ARE,
TWO SCENES TO EACH PLAY, AND TWO ALLEGORIES.

A L L E G O R I E S.

1. FARRIES ADORNING SHAKSPEARE'S GRAVE.
 2. FICTION ATTENDING SHAKSPEARE'S DREAMS.
-
-

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR BELLAMY AND ROBARTS,
No. 138, FLEET-STREET, AND AT No. 4, PETERBOROUGH-
COURT, FLEET-STREET.

1796.

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Nichter del.

Angus fult.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Pichler del.

W. Thurst.

Published as the Act directs by Colburn & Co. Oct. 1. 1790.



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
 EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
 LYSANDER, *in love with Hermia.*
 DEMETRIUS, *in love with Hermia.*
 PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Sports to Theseus.*
 QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*
 SNUG, *the Joiner.*
 BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*
 FLUTE, *the Bellows-Mender.*
 SNOUT, *the Tinker.*
 STARVELING, *the Taylor.*

W O M E N.

HIPPOLITA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
 HERMIA, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
 HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
 TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
 PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy,*
 PEASEBLOSSOM,
 COBWEB,
 MOTH,
 MUSTARD-SEED,
 PYRAMUS,
 THISBE,
 WALL,
 MOONSHINE,
 LYON,

} *Fairies,*

} *Characters in the Interlude performed by
the Clowns.*

*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen : Attendants on
Theseus and Hippolita.*

SCENE, *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The Palace of Theseus in Athens.**Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, with Attendants.**Theseus.*

NOW fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
 Another moon : but, oh, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights ;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth ;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
 The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit PHIL.*]
 Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries ;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.**Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke !*The.* Thanks, good Egeus : What's the news with thee ?*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia,—

Stand forth, Demetrius ;—My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her :—
 Stand forth, Lyfander ;—and, my gracious duke,
 'This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child :
 Thou, thou, Lyfander, thou hast given her rhimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
 And stol'n the impresson of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats ; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness :—And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens ;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her :
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death ; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair maid :
 To you your father should be as a god ;
 One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold ;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :
 But I beseech your grace, that I may know

The

The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause : and, by the next new moon
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will ;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would :
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;——And, Lyfander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyf. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lyfander ! true, he hath my love ;
And what is mine, my love shall render him :
And she is mine ; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lyf. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;
 And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,
 I have some private schooling for you both.—
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate)
 To death, or to a vow of single life.—
 Come, my Hippolita : What cheer, my love ?—
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial ; and confer with you
 Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt THEB. HIP. EGEUS, DEM. and Train.*]

Lys. How now, my love ? Why is your cheek so pale ?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike for want of rain ; which I could well
 Betem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah, me ! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth ;
 But either it was different in blood.

Her. O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low !

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years.

Her. O spight, too old to be engag'd to young !

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.

Her. O hell ! to chuse love by another's eye !

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
 Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
 Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say—Behold !
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
 It stands as an edict in destiny :
 Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross ;
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
 From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues ;
 And she respects me as her only son.
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us : If thou lov'st me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;
 And, in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander !
 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow ;
 By his best arrow with the golden head ;
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves ;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke ;—
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love : Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed, fair Helena ! Whither away ?

Hel. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves you fair : O happy fair !

B 2

Your

Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's sweet air
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
 Sicknefs is catching ; O, were favour fo !
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
 O, teach me how you look ; and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles fuch
 skill !

Her. I give him curfes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my prayers could fuch affection move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty : 'Would that fault were
 mine !

Her. Take comfort ; he no more fhall fee my face ;
 Lysander and myfelf will fly this place.—
 Before the time I did Lysander fee,
 Seem'd Athens as a paradife to me :

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell !

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold :
 To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
 Her filver vifage in the watry glafs,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grafs
 (A time that lovers' flights doth ftill conceal),
 Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to ftial.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrofe-beds were wönt to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counfels fwel'd ;
 There my Lysander and myfelf fhall meet :
 And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
 To feek new friends and ftange companions.
 Farewell, fweet playfellow : pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !—

Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our fight
From lover's food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit HERM.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you !

[Exit LYS.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be !
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpore to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where :
For ere Demetrius look'd on Helena's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine ;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence :
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II. *A Cottage.*

Enter QUINCE the Carpenter, SNUG the Joiner, BOTTOM the Weaver, FLUTE the Bellows-Mender, SNOUT the Tinker, and STARVELING the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude

lude before the duke and dutchefs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“ The raging rocks,
 “ And shivering shocks,
 “ Shall break the locks
 “ Of prison-gates;
 “ And Phibbus’ car
 “ Shall shine from far,
 “ And make and mar
 “ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too : I'll speak in a monstrous little voice ;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ; thy Thisby dear ! and lady dear !*

Quin. No, no ; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robert Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.
—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snou. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father ; myself Thisby's father ;
—Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part :—and, I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutchefs and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us ; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough ; hold, or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.]

A C T II,

S C E N E I. *A Wood.*

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK (or ROBIN-GOOD-FELLOW) at another.

Puck.

How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere :

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their favours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling:
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin-Goodfellow: are you not he,
 That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless hufwife chern;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm?
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And *taylor* cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone!

C

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON, King of the Fairies, at one Door with his Train, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence ;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton ; am not I thy lord ?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady : But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin fate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India ?
But that forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Periguné, whom he ravished ?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have over-borne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat ; and the green corn

Hath

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock :
 The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here,
 No night is now with hymn, or carol blest :—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :
 And, thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose :
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which :
 And this same progeny of evils, comes
 From our debate, from our dissention ;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then : it lies in you :
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 (Following her womb then rich with my young 'squire),
 Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy ;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Queen. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away :
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,
 'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal ; throned by the west ;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
 And the imperial votress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,—
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shew'd thee once ;
 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly doat

Upon

Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing when she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight
(As I can take it with another herb),
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stoln unto this wood ;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel : Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worse place can I beg in your love

(*And*

(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chace;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex;
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt.*
Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Re-enter

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Another Part of the Wood. Enter the Queen of Fairies,
with her Train.*

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence :
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

First

First Fairy.

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen:*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

Second Fairy.

*Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.]

Enter OBERON.

Ob. What thou see'st, when thou do'st wake,
[Squeezes the Flower on her eyelids.]

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

Exit OBERON.

Enter

Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair Love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lyfander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyfander; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyfander, riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lye further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good-night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
'This flower's force in stirring love.

D

Night

Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping found,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty foul! she durst not lye
 Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his feat on thy eye-lid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HELENA running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wherefoe'er she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
 If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
 For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:
 Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
 But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
 Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
[Waking.

Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where

Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lyfander: say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lyfander near!

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most, of me!

And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

[*Exit.*
Her.

Her. [*starting from sleep.*] Help me, Lyfander, help me! do thy best,
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
 Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
 Lyfander, look, how do I quake with fear;
 Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
 Lyfander! what, remov'd? Lyfander! lord!
 What, out of hearing; gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
 No?—then I will perceive you are not nigh:
 Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *The Wood.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
 and STARVELING.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bottom.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearse: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is

is not kill'd, indeed : and, for the more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver : This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue ; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more ; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion ?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves ; to bring in, God shield us ! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing : for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living ; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck ; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, —Ladies, or, fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life : No, I am no such thing ; I am a man as other men are :—and there, indeed, let him name his name ; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things ; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber : for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanack ; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open ; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay ; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is

another thing : we must have a wall in the great chamber ; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall :—What say you, Bottom ?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall : and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall ; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts, Pyramus, you begin : when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake ; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen ?

What, a play toward ? I'll be an auditor ;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus ;—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby, the flower of odious favours sweet.*

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. —odours favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice ! stay thou but here a whit,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit PYRAMUS.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here !

[Aside. [Exit.]

This. Must I speak now ?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you : for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man : Why, you must not speak that yet ; that you answer to Pyramus : you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter ; your cue is past ; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM, with an Ass's Head.

This. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine :—*

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange !—we are haunted.
Pray, masters ! fly, masters ! help ! [*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier ;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away ? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd ! what do I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ? you see an ass' head of your own ; Do you ?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Blossom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. [*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery : this is to make an ass of me ; to fright me ; if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can : I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*]

The ouzel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The thristle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill :

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
[*Waking.*

Bottom sings.

*The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird; who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal sing again :
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me ;
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days : The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee, upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go ;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate ;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Pease-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready,
2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.*

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I: Where shall we go?|

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fair.* Hail!

3 *Fair.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily.—I beseech,
your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
master Cobweb; If I cut my finger, I shall make bold
with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Pease. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your
mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master
Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance
too.—Your name, I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. Mustard-feed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-feed, I know your patience
well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox beef, hath de-
voured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you
your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I de-
sire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-feed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter OBERON.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd ;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit ?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head ;
Anon, his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes : When they him spy,
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side ;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HERMIA.

Ob. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lyfander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me : Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyfander ? where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never number'd among men !
O ! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake ;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?

An

An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood :
I am not guilty of Lyfander's blood ;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so :

See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein ;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

Ob. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look you find :

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear :

By some illusion see thou bring her here ;

I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye !

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.—

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand ;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee ;
Shall we their fond pageant see ?
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Ob. Stand aside : the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone :
And those things do best please me,
That befall prepost'rously.

Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's ; Will you give her o'er ?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Chrystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand : O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

Hel.

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent
 To set against me, for your merriment.
 If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
 You would not do me thus much injury.
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
 But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
 If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so;
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
 And now both rivals to mock Helena:
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision! none, of nobler fort,
 Would so offend a virgin; and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
 For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
 And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
 My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Left, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
 Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompence:—

Thou

Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found ;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy found.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth prefs to go ?

Her. What love could prefs Lyfander from my side ?

Lyf. Lyfander's love, that would not let him bide,
 Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery o's and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision ?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, and is all forgot ?
 All school-day friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needs created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love afunder.
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :

I scorn

I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee ; by my life I do ;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, Sir, he'll

Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;
But yet come not : You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing let loose ;
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'footh ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond : for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?
Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me ; yet, since night, you left me :
Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid !—
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me ! you juggler ! oh, you canker-blossom !
You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i'faith !
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !

Her. Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the game :
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures ; she hath urg'd her height ;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

E

And

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
 Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
 How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
 How low am I? I am not yet so low,
 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
 Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice;
 Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
 Because she's something lower than myself,
 That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
 I told him of your stealth 'unto this wood:
 He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
 But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To Athens will I bear my folly back,
 And follow you no further: Let me go:
 You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, Sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O; when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
 She was a vixen, when she went to school;
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!—
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
 You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grafs made;
 You bead, you acorn.

Dem.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services:
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[*Exit* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
My legs are longer though, to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exeunt*: HERMIA pursuing HELENA.]

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it did so sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way:
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometimes rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep:

Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye,
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 To take from thence all error, with his might,
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fair lord, this must be done with haste ;
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
 At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort :
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even 'till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit OBERON.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
 I will lead them up and down ;
 I am fear'd in field and town.
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak thou
 NOW.

Puck.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight,

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*LYS. going out, as following DEM.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child!
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Excunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I;
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting ev'ry place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face,
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see :
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To meafure out my length on this cold bed.—
 By day's approach look to be vifited. [Lies down.]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night !
 Abate thy hours ; fhine, comforts, from the east ;
 That I may back to Athens by day-light,
 From thefe that my poor company deteft :—
 And, fleep, that sometime fhuts up sorrow's eye,
 Steal me awhile from mine own company. [Sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three ? come one more ;
 Two of both kinds makes up four.
 Here ſhe comes, curft and fad :—
 Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never fo weary, never fo in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers ;
 I can no further crawl, no further go ;
 My legs can keep no pace with my defires.
 Here will I reſt me, 'till the break of day.
 Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray ! [Lies down.]

Puck. On the ground
 Sleep found :
 I'll apply
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye.]
 When thou wak'ſt,
 Thou tak'ſt
 True delight
 In the fight

Of thy former lady's eye :
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man ſhould take his own,
 In your waking ſhall be ſhown ;

Jack

Jack shall have Jill:
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[Exit PUCK.

[They sleep.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

*Enter Queen of the Fairies, BOTTOM, Fairies attending,
and the King behind them.*

Queen.

COME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in the sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd humble bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender afs, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

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Bot.

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music : let us have the tongs and the bones.

Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat,

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats, Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me ; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently entwist,—the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet fight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her :

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes,

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child ;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And, now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of the Athenian swain ;

That

That he, awaking when the others do,
 May all to Athens back again repair ;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen ;

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;
 [*Touching her Eyes with an Herb.*]
 See, as thou wast wont to see :
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.—

Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen,
Queen. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !
 Methought I was enamour'd of an afs,

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass ?

Oh, how mine eye doth loathe his visage now !

Ob. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call ; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Queen. Music, ho ! music ! such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. When thou wak'it, with thine own fool's eyes
 peep.

Ob. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take
 hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity ;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity :

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark ;

I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade :

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,

Tell

Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*
[*Wind Horns within.*

Enter THESEUS, EGEUS, HIPPOLITA, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;
For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley ; go :—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ! what nymphs are
these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
And this Lyfander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day

That

That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and Shout within; DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to THESEUS.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies ;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly.

Half 'sleep, half waking : But, as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here :

But, as I think (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is) ;

I came with Hermia hither : our intent

Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough ;

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me :

You, of your wife ; and me, of my consent ;

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;

And I, in fury hither, followed them ;

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power

(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,

Melted as is the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,

Which in my childhood I did doat upon :

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :
 But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food :
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
 Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.—
 Egeus, I will ever-bear your will ;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit,
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
 Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
 Come, Hippolita. [*Exeunt THE, HIP. and Train.*]

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks :
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
 That we are awake ?—it seems to me,
 That yet we sleep, we dream—Do not you think,
 The duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea ; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake ; let's follow him ;
 And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer :
 —my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*——Hey, ho !—Peter
 Quince ! Flute, the bellows-mender ! Snout, the tinkèr !
 Starveling ! God's my life ! stol'n hence, and left me
 asleep ! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a
 dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was :
 Man

Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Athens. QUINCE'S *House.* Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft-man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God blefs us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence

fix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or no-thing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *The Palace.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, PHILOSTRATE;
Lords, &c.

Hippolita.

'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 And grows to something of great constancy ;
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
 Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,
 Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us
 Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ! what masks, what dances shall we
 have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
 Between our after-supper, and bed-time ?
 Where is our usual manager of mirth ?
 What revels are in hand ? Is there no play
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?
 Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening ?
 What mask ? what music ? How shall we beguile

The

The lazy time, if not with some delight ?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe ;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a Paper.

The. reads.] *The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung by an
Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that : that I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device ; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning—late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not suiting with a nuptial ceremony,

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical ? Tedious and brief ?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long ;
Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long ;
Which makes it tedious : for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself :

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it ?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;

Unless

Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOST.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing,
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpos'd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome : trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet I pick'd a welcome ;
And, in the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [Flour. Trum.]

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good-will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

F

Consider

Consider then, we come but in despite.

*We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,*

*We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand: and by their shew,
You shall know all that you are like to know.*

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a found, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION, as in dumb Show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers funder:

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,

"By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright:

"And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

"Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

"And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died.—For all the rest,

"Let

“ Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,
 “ At large discourse, while here they do remain.”

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many
 asses do.

Wall. “ In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 “ That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :
 “ And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 “ That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 “ Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 “ Did whisper often very secretly.
 “ This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth shew
 “ That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :
 “ And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 “ Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.”

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard dis-
 course, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall—silence !

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. “ O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so
 “ black !

“ O night, which ever art, when day is not !

“ O night ! O night ! alack, alack, alack !

“ I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !—

“ And thou, O wall ! O sweet, O lovely wall !

“ That stands between her father's ground and mine ;

“ Thou wall ! O wall ! O sweet and lovely wall !

“ Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

“ Thanks, courteous wall ! Jove shield thee well for this !

“ But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

“ O wicked wall, through whom I see no blifs ;

“ Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !”

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse
 again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*
 is Thisby's cue ; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her

through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

- Thisbe.* “ O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 “ For parting my fair Pyramus and me :
 “ My cherry lips have often kifs'd thy stones :
 “ Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.”
Pyr. “ I see a voice : now will I to the chink,
 “ To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
 “ Thisby!”
Thisbe. “ My love ! thou art my love, I think.”
Pyr. “ Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;
 “ And like Limander am I trusty still.”
Thisbe. “ And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.”
Pyr. “ Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.”
Thisbe. “ As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.”
Pyr. “ O, kifs me through the hole of this vile wall.”
Thisbe. “ I kifs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.”
Pyr. “ Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-
 “ way?”
Thisbe. “ Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.”
Wall. “ Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so ;
 “ And, being done, thus wall away doth go.”

[*Exeunt WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows : and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. “ You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
 “ The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
 “ May

“ May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

“ When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

“ Then know, that I, as Snug the joiner, am

“ A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

“ For if I should as lion come in strife

“ Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.”

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. “ This lantern doth the horned moon present :”

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. “ This lantern doth the horned moon present ;

“ Myself the man i'the moon do seem to be.”

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the man should be put into the lantern : How is it else the man i'the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle ; for you see it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon ; Would he would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane ; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. “ All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.”

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

Thi. “ This is old Ninny's tomb : Where is my love ?”

Lion. “ Oh—” [*The Lion roars.* *THISBE runs off.*

F 3

Dem.

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. “ Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy funny beams ;

“ I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :

“ For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

“ I trust to taste of truest Thisby's fight.

“ But stay ;—O spight !

“ But mark ;—Poor knight,

“ What dreadful dole is here ?

“ Eyes, do you see ?

“ How can it be ?

“ O dainty duck ! O dear !

“ Thy mantle good,

“ What, stain'd with blood ?

“ Approach, ye furies fell !

“ O fates ! come, come ;

“ Cut thread and thrum ;

“ Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !”

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. “ O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame ?

“ Since lion vile hath here destroyed my dear :

“ Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

“ That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
“ cheer.

“ Come tears, confound ;

“ Out sword, and wound

“ The pap of Pyramus :

“ Ay, that left pap,

“ Where heart doth hop :—

“ Thus die I, thus, thus, thus !

“ Now am I dead,

“ Now am I fled ;

“ My

“ My soul is in the sky :
 “ Tongue, lose thy light !
 “ Moon, take thy flight !
 “ Now, die, die, die, die, die !”

[*Dies. Exit MOONSHINE.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by star-light.—

Enter THISBE.

Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.*

This. “ Asleep, my love ?

“ What, dead, my dove ?

“ O Pyramus, arise !

“ Speak, speak ! Quite dumb ?

“ Dead, dead ! A tomb

“ Must cover thy sweet eyes.

“ These lily brows,

“ This cherry nose,

“ These yellow cowslip cheeks,

“ Are gone, are gone !

“ Lovers, make moan !

“ His eyes are green as leeks.

“ O sisters three,

“ Come, come, to me,

“ With hands as pale as milk ;

“ Lay them in gore,

“ Since you have shorn

“ With shears his thread of silk !

F 4

“ Tongue,

“ Tongue, not a word :—

“ Come, trusty sword ;

“ Come, blade, my breast imbrue :

“ And farewell, friends ;—

“ Thus Thisby ends :

“ Adieu, adieu, adieu !”

[Dies.]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to hear the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly ; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[Here a Dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve ;
Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed,—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woē,
In remembrance of a shroud,

Now

Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide :
 And we, fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolick ; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
 I am sent, with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire :
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
 And this ditty, after me,
 Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse this song by rote :
 To each word a warbling note,
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG and DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be ;
 And the issue there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate.
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be :
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand ;
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.—

With

With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gate ;
 And each several chamber blefs,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace :
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;

Make no itay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Train.*

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this (and all is mended),
 That you have but slumber'd here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream.
 Gentles, do not reprehend ;
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,
 If we have unearned luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends ere long :
 Else the Puck a liar call.
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And Robin shall restore amends.*

[*Exit.*

T H E E N D .





COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dryes del.

Goldar sculp.



COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dayes del.

Walker sculp.



COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to*
ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia, but un-*
 } *known to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the two*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *Antipholis's.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.*

W O M E N.

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *Sister to Adriana.*

LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*

A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Ephesus.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, ÆGEON, Jailor, and Attendants.

Ægeon.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
 And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
 I am not partial to infringe our laws:
 The enmity and discord which of late
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
 Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
 Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
 Nay more, If any, born at Ephesus,
 Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
 Again, If any, Syracusan born,
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,

Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore, by law, thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born: and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
 And he, great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.
 There she had not been long but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman was delivered
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return:
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.

We came aboard :

A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means were none.—
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whil'ft I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards Corinth as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
 But ere they came,—Oh, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;
 For we may pity though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rock ;

Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
 And would have rest the fisher of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrowest for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant (for his case was like,
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name)
 Might bear him company in the quest of him;
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not difannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help:
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
 Jailor, take him to thy custody. [*Exit Duke and Train.*
Jail. I will, my lord.
Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his liveless end.
 [*Exeunt ÆGEON and Jailor.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, a Merchant, and DROMIO.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a means. [*Exit DROMIO.*

Ant. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,

Lights my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, fir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
 I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel till then; I will go lose myself,
 And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water
 That in the ocean seeks another drop;
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
 So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
 What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
 The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
 The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell,
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
 The meat is cold because you come not home;
 You come not home because you have no stomach;
 You have no stomach having broke your fast;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, fir: tell me this, I pray,
 Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
 To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper;—
 The sadler had it, fir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;

Tell

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
 I from my mistress come to you in post,
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season,
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart,
 Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
 My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
 In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
 Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours,
 That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
 Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
 Some of my mistress's marks upon my shoulders,
 But not a thousand marks between you both.—
 If I should pay your worship those again,
 Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast
 thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
 Phoenix;
 She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
 And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
 Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your
 hands;
 Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,

The

'The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
 They say this town is full of cozenage;
 As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
 Dark-working forcerers that change the mind,
 Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such like liberties of sin:
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
 I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave;
 I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.**Adriana.*

NEITHER my husband nor the slave return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
 A man is master of his liberty;

Time is their master; and, when they see time,
 They'll go or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe:

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
 But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
 Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
 Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are

Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause ;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would't relieve me :
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try ;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my
two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? know'st thou his
mind ?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear :
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his
meaning ?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce
understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home ?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain ?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad ; but sure he's stark
mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :
 'Tis dinner-time, quoth I ; *My gold?* quoth he :
Your meat doth burn; quoth I ; *My gold?* quoth he :
Will you come? quoth I ; *My gold?* quoth he :
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd :* *My gold?* quoth he :
My mistress, sir, quoth I : *Hang up thy mistress ;*
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress !

Luc. Quoth who ?

E. Dro. Quoth my master :

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress ;—*
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again and be new beaten home ?
 For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating :
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I round with you as you with me,
 That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face ?

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :
 Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state :
 What ruins are in me than can be found
 By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures : My decayed fair
 A funny look of his would soon repair :

But

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage other where;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, fir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, fir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beats DROMIO.]

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is
earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering,
I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I
must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too, or else
I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why
am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor
reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me
for nothing.

Ant.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, fir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, fir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, fir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, fir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, fir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, fir, learn to jest in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that before you were so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, fir?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and found ones too.

Ant. Nay, not found, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure, ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, fir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife,
The time was once when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That undividable incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou can'st; and therefore, see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot,
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh
 Being trumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,—
 That he did buffet thee; and, in his blows,
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
 Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;

B

Whose

Whose weaknefs, marry'd to thy ftronger ftate,
 Makes me with thy ftrength to communicate :
 If ought poffefs thee from me, it is dross,
 Ufurping ivy, briar, or idle mofs ;
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy fap, and live on thy confufion.

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks ; ſhe moves me for her theme :
 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream ?
 Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs ?
 Until I know this fure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner,

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads ! I croſs*me for a finner.
 This is the fairy land ;—oh, ſpight of ſpights !—
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights ;
 If we obey them not, this will enſue,
 They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and answer'ſt not ?
 Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot !

S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am I not ?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and ſo am I.

S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.

Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought 'tis to an afs.

S. Dro. 'Tis true ; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
 'Tis ſo, I am an afs ; elſe it could never be
 But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.—
 Come, ſir, to dinner ; Dromio, keep the gate :—
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And thrive you of a thouſand idle pranks :
 Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Come, ſiſter : Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell ?
 Sleeping or waking ? mad or well-adviſ'd ?
 Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd !

I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Street before ANTIPHOLIS's House.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Antipholis of Ephesus.

GOOD signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop

To see the making of her carkanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain that would face me down

He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house:—

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think thou art an afs.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray God, our
cheer

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome
dear.

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

B 2

Bal.

Bal. Good meat, fir, is common, that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, host; my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

S. Dro. [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches that thou call'dst for such store,

When one is one too many? go get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came lest he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

S. Dro. Right, fir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, fir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can
you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast
answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I
trow?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow
for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door
down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the
town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all
this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly
boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come
before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would
go fore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we
would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with
neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them
welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is something in the wind that we cannot
get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something, I'll break open the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather; master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather: If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And

And that supposed by the common rout
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 For slander lives upon succession;
 For ever hous'd where't gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
 Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too gentle,—
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but I protest without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
 Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour, sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Enter LUCIANA with ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall Antipholis hate,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love in building grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
 Be secret false ; What need she be acquainted ?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain ?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
 Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve ;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
 Comfort my sifter, cheer her, call her wife :
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
S. Ant. Sweet mistress (what your name is else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not
 Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?
 Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sifter's flood of tears ;
 Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote :
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie ;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death that hath such means to die :—
 Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink !

Luc.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
fight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister to get her good-will.

[*Ex. Luc.*]

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou
so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I
your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art
thyself.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides
myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman;
one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will
have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, such a claim as you would lay to
your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that,
I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a
very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such an one as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all greafe; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, fir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of car-racks to be ballasted at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or diviner laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch: And I think if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk, till thou return to me. If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She, that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself: But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with a Chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, fir: Lo, here is the chain; I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine: The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Merchant.

YOU know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholis:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter

Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus, as from the Courtezan's.

Off. That labour you may save; see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit DROMIO.*]

E. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me;
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:

I should

I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath!
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you! why should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to
say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee till I give thee bail:
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

Then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aquavitæ.
The ship is in her triin; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a madman! why thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; begone:
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowdabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their master's minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The House of ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he red or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr.

Adr. And true he swore though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech—

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such an one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:

My heart prays for him though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar-limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the
case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that I can tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his
desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[Exit LUCIANA.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes; If any hour meet a serjeant a'turns back
for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou
reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. *The Street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:

C

Even

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band: he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, *God give you good rest!*

S. Ant. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there Any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
 And here we wander in illusions:
 Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholis.
 I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
 Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I chargé thee tempt me not!

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and therefore comes that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men-like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs:
I conjure thee to leave me and begone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils

Ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you
know. *Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
 (Besides this present instance of his rage)
 Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance;
 Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.
 My way is now to hie home to his house,
 And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
 My ring away: This course I fittest chuse;
 For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV. *The Street.**Enter ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS with a Failer.*

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
 And will not lightly trust the messenger,
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a Rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
 How now, fir? have you that I sent you for;

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you will pay them all.*E. Ant.* But where's the money?*E. Dro.* Why, fir, I gave the money for the rope.*E. Ant.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?*E. Dro.* I'll serve you, fir, five hundred at the rate.*E. Ant.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?*E. Dro.* To a rope's-end, fir, and to that end am I return'd.*E. Ant.* And to that end, fir, I will welcome you.

[Beats DROMIO.]

Off. Good fir, be patient.*E. Dro.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.*E. Dro.*

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep; rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with a Schoolmaster called PINCH, and others.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats DROMIO.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true-sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what say'st
thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn
me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did; the kitchen vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and goodwill you might,
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And

And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

Enter three or four and offer to bind him; he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[*They bind ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO.*

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad
me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good
master; cry the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt PINCH, ANTIPH. DROMIO, &c.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn,
and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*]

Remain ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from
thence:

I long that we were safe and sound abroad.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do
us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: me-
thinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the
mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could
find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street before a Priory.*

Enter the Merchant and ANGELO.

Angelo.

I AM sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

But I protest he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang.

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, fir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good fir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him:—
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day;
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, fir; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake, he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house,
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:

Let

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, four, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. But not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But

But moody and dull melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
 Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
 Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,
 'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office;
 And will have no attorney but myself;
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
 'Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again:
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order;
 Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
 And ill it doth beseem your holiness
 To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
 And never rise until my tears and prayers
 Have won his grace to come in person hither,
 And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter the Duke, and ÆGEON bareheaded; with the Headf-
man and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street
(With him his bondman all as mad as he),
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled

Into

Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars ;
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.——
 Go some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
 And bid the lady abbess come to me ;
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself !
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;
 And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair :
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool :
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here ;
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vows if he can take you
 To scorch your face and to disfigure you : [Cry within.
 Hark, hark ! I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone !

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing : Guard with
 halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband ! Witness you
 That he is borne about invisible :
 Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here ;
 And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh grant me
 justice !

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep-scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholis and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon
me,
Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming hither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By the way we met, my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates;
 Along with them
 They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth thus far I witness with him;
 That he din'd not at home but was lock'd out.

Duke. But hadst such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence I think you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
 And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
 I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.

If

If here you hous'd him here he would have been;
 If he were mad he would not plead so coldly:—
 You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine:

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
 I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
 Haply I see a friend will save my life,
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, fir, call'd Antipholis?
 And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond man, fir;
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
 Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, fir, by you;
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.
 You are not Pinch's patient, are you, fir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me
 well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me
 last;

And careful hours, with time's deformed hand
 Have written strange defeatures in my face:
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, fir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, fir?

But I am sure I do not; and whatsoever
 A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!

Ægeon.

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
 In seven short years, that here my only son
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
 Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
 All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
 Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
 Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
 Can witness with me that it is not so;
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
 Have I been patron to Antipholis,
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
 I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLIS Syracusan, and
 DROMIO Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
 [All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
 And so of these: Which is the natural man,
 And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
 And gain a husband by his liberty:—
 Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
 That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
 That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?

Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

S. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me :
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden not delivered :—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent the two ANTIPHOLIS's and two DROMIO's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou imbarc'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

Exeunt ANTIPHOLIS, S. and E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, fir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall we try it?

S. Dro. We will draw

Cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.





Arnold del.

Barlow sc.

Printed as the Act directs by Bellamy & Roberts, Jan 11. 1791.



SHALL I TARE

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Ansell del.

Page 6.

Published as the Act directs, by Bellamy, & Peto, No. 107, Fleet Street, Oct. 1. 1790.



MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco.

Prince of Arragon.

ANTHONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his Friend.*

SALANIO,

SALARINO,

GRATIANO,

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew.*

LAUNCELOT, *a Clown, Servant to the Jew.*

GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*

SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*

LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR,

STEPHANO,

} *Servants to Portia.*

W O M E N.

PORTIA, *an Heiress.*

NERISSA, *Waiting-Maid to Portia.*

JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Street in Venice.*

Enter ANTHONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO:

Antonio.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
 It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn :

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
 There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
 Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
 Prying in maps for ports, and piers, and roads :
 And every object, that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
 Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea:
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows, and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,

A. 2

Vailing

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ;
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this : and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
 But, tell not me ; I know, Anthonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year :
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say you are sad,
 Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANTIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo : Fare you well ;
 We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SAL. and SALA.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio, We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio; You have too much respect upon the world; They lose it, that do buy it with much care. Believe me, you are marvelously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage, where every man must play a part, And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For

For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo :—Fare ye well a while ;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time,
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith ; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRA. and LOREN.*

Anth. Is that any thing now !

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice : His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well ; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swere a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance ;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd : To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Ly all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
 I oft found both; I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
 To wind about my love with circumstance;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have:
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
 And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues? sometimes from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages;
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece:
 Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
 And many Jafons come in quest of her.
 O my Anthonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Nor have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: Therefore go forth,

Try

Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is ; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in PORTIA'S House at Belmont.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to chuse me a husband:—O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you),

will,

will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he does nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, chuse:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture: But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought
his

his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is a little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it, I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por.

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a faint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *A public place in Venice.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound!

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient:

sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats!—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd I may; and that I may be assur'd,

I will bethink me: May I speak with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTHONIO.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest: Curfed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?

Tubal,

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
 Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior; [*To ANTH.*
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
 How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats!

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
 Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But hear you;
 Methoughts, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
 Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
 This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
 (As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
 Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
 When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
 That all the earnings, which were streak'd and py'd,
 Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
 In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
 And when the work of generation was
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,
 The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
 And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
 Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
 Was this inserted to make interest good?
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy.

Sby. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :—
But note me, signior.

Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Sby. Three thousand ducats!—'Tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Sby. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies : You say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard ;
And foßt me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
*Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.*

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;

Who;

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show,—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of the bond.

Shy. O father Abraham! what these Christians are;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's:
Give him direction for this merry bond,

And

And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard
 Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
 I will be with you.

[Exit.]

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—

This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
 My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I. Belmont.

*Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four Followers
 accordingly ; with PORTIA, NERISSA, and her Train.
 Flourish Cornets.*

Morocco.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
 The best regarded virgins of our clime
 Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary chusing :
 But, if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,

As

As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you ;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance ;
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse,—if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then ! [Cornets.
To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *A Street in Venice.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run
from this Jew my master : The fiend is at mine elbow ;
and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,*
good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use
your legs, take the start, run away : My conscience says,—

B

no ;

no; take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforefaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says,—Launcelot, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend: my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, his Father, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob.

Gob. No master, fir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, fir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you: Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot, talk not of master Launcelot, father: for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, fir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, fir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood.

Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thrill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground: My master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every rib I have with my fingers. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO with LEONARDO, and a Follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy: Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man: that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence), are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew
having

having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both ;—What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit :
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee ; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well : Go, father, with thy son :
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out : give him a livery [*To his Followers.*
More guarded than his fellows : see it done.

Laun. Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no ;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives : alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man : and then, to 'scape drowning thrice ; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;—here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt LAUN. and old GOBBO.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this ;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

Leon.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit LEONARDO.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio——

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must:—But hear thee, Gratiano; Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they shew Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain To allay, with some cold drops of modesty, Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstru'd in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity; I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment: But fare you well, I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest; But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III. SHYLOCK'S House.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so ;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,
And so farewell ; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew ! if a Christian
did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceiv'd :
but, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my
manly spirit ; adieu ! [Exit.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood ;
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo !
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

S C E N E IV. *The Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will flink away in supper-time ;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered ;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock ; we have two hours
To furnish us :—

Enter.

Enter LAUNCELOT with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her ;—Speak it privately, go.—
Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

[*Exit LAUN.*

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all : she hath directed,
How I must take her from her father's house ;
What gold and 'jewels she is furnish'd with ;
What page's suit she hath in readines.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake,
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest :
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE V. SHYLOCK'S *House*.*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
 The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
 What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
 As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
 Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could
 do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
 There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
 The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
 Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
 There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
 For I did dream of money-bags to night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth
 expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not
 say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not
 for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-monday
 last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on
 Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
 Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street,
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
 But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My

My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, firrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, fir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jew's eye. [Exit LAUN.]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me:

Therefore I part with him; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;

Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Do, as I bid you,

Shut the doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.]

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. *The Street.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALANIO, in Masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont;
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? all things that are,

Are

Are with more spirit chafed than enjoy'd.
 How like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
 How like a prodigal doth she return ;
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo ;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;
 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
 I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
 Here dwells my father Jew : Ho ! who's within ?

JESSICA *above, in Boy's Clothes.*

Jes. Who are you ? tell me, for more certainty,
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;
 For who love I so much ? and now who knows,
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witnesses that thou
 art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.
 I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
 For I am much ashamed of my exchange :
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
 For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shame ?
 They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;
 And I should be obscure'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
 Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
 But come at once ;

For

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit from above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away ;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with JESSICA, &c.*]

Enter ANTHONIO.

Anth. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Anthonio !

Anth. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—
No masque to-night ; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard :
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. *Belmont.*

*Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their
Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince :—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears ;
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries ;—

Who

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;—

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do chuse the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again :

What says this leaden casket ?

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—

Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens ; Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves !—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand :

If thou be't rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia :

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture,
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
 Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. [Unlocking the golden Casket,

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

*All that glitters is not gold;
 Often have you heard that told:
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold:
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscrol'd:
 Fare you well: your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed; and labour lost.
 Then, farewell, heat, and welcome frost.—
 Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go:—
 Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *Venice.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Sal. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!—
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—His stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sala. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sala. You were best to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw

I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part :
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return ; he answer'd,—*Do not so ;*
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time ;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :
Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there :
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sala. I think he only loves the world for him.
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX. *Belmont.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
 straight ;
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his Train ; PORTIA, with hers. Flourish of
 Cornets.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :
 If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoind by oath to observe three things :
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail,

Of

Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address me: Fortune, now
 To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
 You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire!—That many may be meant
 Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty.
 I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too; For who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare?
 How many be commanded that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour? and how much honour,
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
 I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

C

Por.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before

To

To signify the approaching of his lord :
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
 To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love :
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard,
 Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
 Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *A Street in Venice.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Sala.

Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas ; the Goodwin's I think they call the place : a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband : But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk — that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

Sal. Come the full stop.

Sala. Ha ! what say'st thou ? — Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sala. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sala. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed?

if

if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SAL. and SALAN.*]

Sby. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Sby. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Sby. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Sby. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub,

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will; Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. *Belmont.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me (but it is not love),
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,

Hate

Hate counfels not in fuch a quality :
 But left you fhould not underftand me well
 (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought),
 I would detain you here fome month or two,
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to chufe right, but I am then forfworn ;
 So will I never be: fo you may mifs me ;
 But if you do, you'll make me wifh a fin,
 That I had been forfworn. Befhrew your eyes,
 They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me ;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
 Mine own, I would fay ; but if mine, then yours,
 And fo all yours: Oh! thefe naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
 And fo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it fo,
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
 I fpeak too long: but 'tis to peize the time ;
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
 To ftay you from election.

Baff. Let me chufe ;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baffanio? then confefs
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

Baff. None, but that ugly treason of miftruff,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :
 There may as well be amity and life
 'Tween fnow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you fpeak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do fpeak any thing.

Baff. Promise me life, and I'll confefs the truth.

Por. Well then, confefs and live.

Baff. Confefs, and love,
 Had been the very fum of my confeffion :
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them ;
 If you do love me, you will find me out.—
 Neriffa, and the reft, ftand all aloof.—
 Let mufic found while he doth make his choice ;

Then,

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in music: that the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
 And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
 And what is music then? then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
 Live thou, I live: With much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Music within.*]

A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the Caskets to himself.

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head;
 How begot, how nourished?*

Reply.

*It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies:
 Let us all ring fancy's knell.
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Hiding

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

For fear I surfeit!

[*Opening the leaden Casket.*]

Bass. What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,

Parted

Parted with fugar breath ; fo sweet a bar
 Should funder fuch sweet friends : Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the fpider ; and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Fafter than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—
 How could he fee to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it fhould have power to ft eal both his,
 And leave itfelf unfurnifh'd : Yet look, how far
 The fubftance of my praife doth wrong this fhadow
 In underprizing it, fo far this fhadow
 Doth limp behind the fubftance.—Here's the fcroll,
 The continent and fummery of my fortune.

*You that chufe not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and chufe as true!
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and feek no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your blifs,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kifs.*

A gentle fcroll ;—Fair lady, by your leave, [Kiffing her.
 I come by note, to give and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applaufe, and univerfal fhout
 Giddy in fpirit, ftill gazing, in a doubt
 Whether thofe peals of praife be his or no ;
 So, thrice fair lady, ftand I, even fo ;
 As doubtful whether what I fee be true,
 Until confirm'd, fign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You fee me, lord Baffanio, where I ftand,
 Such as I am : though, for myfelf alone,
 I would not be ambitious in my wifh,
 To wifh myfelf much better ; yet, for you,
 I would be trebled twenty times myfelf ;
 A thoufand times more fair, ten thoufand times
 More rich ; that to ftand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

Exceed

Exceed account ; but the full sum of me
 Is sum of something ; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; and happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it preface the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express, and not express : But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
 O ! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy ! Good joy, my lord, and lady !

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.

My

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours ;
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
 You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there ;
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
 For wooing here, until I sweat again ;
 And swearing, till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love ; at last,—if promise last,—
 I got a promise of this fair one here,
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ?

Gra. No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
 What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither ;
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ;
 They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour :—For my part, my lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
 But meeting with Salerio by the way,
 He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
 To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,

And

And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a Letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth ?

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger ; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio : What's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio ?
I know he will be glad of our success ;
We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same
paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead : else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasants't words,
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart : When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio ?
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?

From

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

O Sale. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more!

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you ly by Portia's side

With

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along :
 My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :
 Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer ;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [reads] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscar-
 ry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond
 to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible
 I should live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I
 might but see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your
 pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my
 letter.*

Por. O love ! dispatch all business and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste : but 'till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *A Street in Venice.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTHONIO, and the Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him ;—Tell not me of mercy ;—
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis :—
 Gaoler, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond ;
 I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :
 Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause ;
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
 The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
 I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[Exit SHYLOCK.

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur,
 That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone ;
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
 He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me,
 Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure, the duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
 For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice ; if it be deny'd,
 Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
 Well, gaoler, on :—Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. *Belmont.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and
 BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,

I know

I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me think that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord : If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty ?
This comes too near the praising of myself ;
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return :
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition ;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart ;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours attend on you !

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.]

Now Balthazar,

D

As

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
 So let me find thee still : Take this same letter,
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
 In speed to Padua ; see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario :
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the traject, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands
 Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both apparell'd like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two ;
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies fought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd ;
 I could not do with all ;—then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie ! what a question's that,
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter ?
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]
 SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of a bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charbydis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took for her.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots—Go in, firrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[Exit LAUNCELOT.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawn'd

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I. *The Senate-House in Venice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Senators; ANTHONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, and others.*

Duke.

WHAT, is Anthonio here?

Anth. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,

Thou'lt

Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
 And, where thou now exact'st the penalty
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back;
 Enough to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Sby. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
 But say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain their urine: For affections,
 Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer;
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
 Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend himself, being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More

More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee
twice?

Anth. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:

The

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dress'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud;
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court:—
 Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
 Mean time, the Court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together, he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverent estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old an head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter PORTIA, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
 And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—
 Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
 Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not? [To ANTH.]

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest'd;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest! it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice: Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me ; I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy.

Shy. 'Tis very true : O wife and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;

So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balances here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd : But what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Anth. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end ;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do but cut deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a
daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*]
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'ft more,
 Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
 As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale turn
 But in the estimation of a hair,—
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
 Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
 I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;
 The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
 If it be prov'd against an alien,
 That by direct, or indirect attempts,
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
 Shall seize on half his goods ; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'ft :
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That, indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he diēs possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers;

Had

Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHY.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ;
I must away this night to Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid ;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :—
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation ;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exit with* NERISSA.]

Anth. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Anthonio's house:—away, make haste.

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter PORTIA, and NERISSA:

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

E

Gra.

Gra. That I will do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and out-swear them too.

Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this house ?

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A Grove, or green Place, before
PORTIA'S House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lorenzo.

THE moon shines bright :—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;

And

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend ! what friend ? your name, I pray you,
friend ?

Serv. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word,
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress
Lorenza ? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hallowing, man ; here.

Laun. Sola ! where ? where ?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master,

with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning, sweet soul. [Exit.]

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their coming.
 And yet no matter;—why should we go in?
 My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
 Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
 And bring your music forth into the air.— [Exit Serv.]
 How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlay'd with pattens of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims,
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
 Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music. [Music.]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature:
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a Distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less;
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. *Music! hark!*

Music.

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?—

Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,

And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,

Give

Give order to my servants, that they take
 No note at all of our being absent hence ;—
 Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you. [*A Tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :
 We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,
 It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,
 Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTHONIO, GRATIANO, and their
 Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
 If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
 For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
 And never be Bassanio so for me ;
 But, God fort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my
 friend.—

This is the man, this is Anthonio,
 To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him ;
 For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
 It must appear in other ways than words,
 Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.*]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong ;
 In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
 Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
 Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
 That she did give me ; whose poesie was
 For all the world, like cutler's poetry
 Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesie, or the value ?
 You swore to me, when I did give it you,
 That you would wear it till your hour of death ;

And

And that it should lie with you in your grave:
 Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
 You should have been respectful, and have kept it.
 Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
 A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
 No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
 A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
 To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
 And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
 Never to part with it; and here he stands:
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
 And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
 Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
 And neither man, nor master, would take aught
 But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
 Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
 I would deny it, but you see, my finger
 Hath not the ring upon it—it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
 By heaven, I will ne'er come into your bed
 Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
 'Till I again see mine.

Bass.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to retain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
 I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
 Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
 Even he that had held up the very life
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
 I was enforced to send it after him;
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
 For, by these blessed candles of the night,
 Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,
 No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;
 Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
 If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now,

Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you: You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!

In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[To PORTIA.

Had quite miscarry'd: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-way
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
 Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo, here,
 Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
 And but even now return'd ; I have not yet
 Enter'd my house.—Anthonio, you are welcome ;
 And I have better news in store for you
 Than you expect ; unseal this letter soon ;
 There you shall find three of your argosies
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly :
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold ?

Ner. Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,
 Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;
 When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living ;
 For here I read for certain, that my ships
 Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo ?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,
 From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
 After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
 Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
 And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd
 Of these events at full : Let us go in ;
 And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
 And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : The first inter'gatory,
 That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
 Whether till the next night she had rather stay ;
 Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :
 But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
 That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
 Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
 So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt omnes.





Act II

TAMING of the SHREW.

Sc. 1

Riches del.

Pollock sc.



SHREW

Act II. TAMING of the SHREW. Act II.

Richter del.

Page sculpt.

Published as the Act directs by Bellamy, 3, Roberts March 1, 1791.



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Characters in the Induction.

A Lord before whom the Play is supposed to be played.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*

Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

BAPTISTA, *Father to Katharina and Bianca; very rich.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, }
HORTENSIO, } *Pretenders to Bianca.*

TRANIO, }
BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO, *Servant to Petruchio.*

PEDANT, *an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

WOMEN.

KATHARINA, *the Shrew.*

BIANCA, *her sister.*

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher; with servants attending on Baptista, and Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.**Enter Hostess and SLY.**Sly.*

I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!**Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?*Sly.* No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*Host.* I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.]*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]*Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with a Train.**Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman—the poor cur is imboft—

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the meereft loss,

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Hunt. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flow'rs;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say—Will't please your Lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he says he is—say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;

It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. Sound Trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,

[*Exit Servant.*

Travelling some journey, to repose him here,—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Left, over-eying of his odd behaviour
(For yet his honour never heard a play),
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exit Lord.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II. *A Room in the Lord's house.*

Enter SLY, with Attendants, some with Apparel, Bason, and Ewer, and other Appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Man. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Man. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Man. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly: call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteenpence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's——

1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays, [Musick.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd for Semiramis.
 Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrow the ground:
 Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
 Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks, will soar
 Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch thrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as
 swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
 straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee so, as she was a maid;
 And how she was beguil'd and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And, 'till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
 Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
 Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
 I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
 And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your mightinesses to wash your
 hands?

Oh,

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
 Oh, that once more you knew but what you are !
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.
 But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
 And say, you would present her at the leet,
 Because she brought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts :
 Somtimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
 maid ;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up—
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
 Where is my wife ?

Lady. Here, noble lord : What is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband ?
 My men should call me—lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;
 I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well : What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd and slept
 Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly.

Sly. 'Tis much ; — Servants, leave me and her alone—
Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed.

Lady. Thrice, noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
'That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again ; I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet ;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play it : Is not a commonty
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Lady. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : Come, madam wife, sit by my
side, and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Street in Padua.*

Flourish. *Enter* LUCENTIO *and his Man* TRANIO.

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since— for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all ;

Here

Here let us breathe, and happily institute
 A course of learning and ingenious studies.
 Pifa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy mind : for I have Pifa left,
 And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves
 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself ;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd :
 Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetorick in your common talk ;
 Musick, and poesie, use to quicken you ;
 The mathematicks, and the metaphisicks,
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you :
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readines ;
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while : What company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter

Enter BAPTISTA, *with* KATHARINE *and* BIANCA. GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
But how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
That is — not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder :
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : She's too rough for me :
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for
you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ?

I-wis, it is not half way to her heart :
But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ; here is some good pastime to-ward ;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said — Bianca, get you in :
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye — an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. —
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

[*Aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up?
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:——
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio—
Or signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharine, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too: May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours: as though, belike, I
knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so
good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so
great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and
fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Fare-
well:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can
by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein
she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we may
yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy
rivals in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though
her

her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd—'till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*

Manent TRANIO and LUCENTIO.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee—
'That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how ~~her~~
sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

Tra. Ah, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio,

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should :
 I will some other be ; some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
 Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. *[They exchange habits.]*
 In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am ty'd to be obedient
 (For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
 Although, I think, 'twas in another sense) ;
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are
 you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stoln your clothes?
 Or you stoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his ;
 For, in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd :
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life :
 You understand me?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;
 Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him : 'Would I were so too!

Tra.

Trá. So would I, faith boy, to have the next wish after—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, firrah—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio :
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go :—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;—
To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me why—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

I Man. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely ;
Comes there any more of it ?

Page. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ;
Would it were done !

SCENE II. Before HORTENSIO's House in Padua.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ! but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :—
Here, firrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any
man has rebus'd your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir,
That I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should knock
you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it ;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

B

Pet.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you : sirrah ! villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ? *Con tutto il core ben trovato*, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto.*

Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service—Look you, sir—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir : Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps (for ought I see), two and thirty—a pip out ? Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio, I bid the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate ?—O heavens ! Spake you not these words plain—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?* And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge : Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend—what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me ;—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happly to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
 Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:
 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
 And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
 Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
 (As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
 mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a
 puppet, or an aglet baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth
 in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and
 fifty horses: why nothing comes amiss, so money comes
 withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stept thus far in,
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
 Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
 Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
 Is—that she is intolerably curst,
 And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
 That, were my state far worse than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
 Tell me her father's name; and 'tis enough;
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman:

Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tougue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
think scolding would do little good upon him: She may,
perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why that's
nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.
I'll tell you what, sir—an she stand him but a little, he will
throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that
she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: You
know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible
(For those defects I have before rehears'd),
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
'Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd, with Books under his Arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruccio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron (stand you so assur'd),
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio. Trow
you

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a school-master for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress:

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:

Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. Oh, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange;
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her! ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*]

To them *TRANIO bravely apparell'd, and BIONDELLO.*

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir: You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know;——

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress's health;
And do as adversaries do in law—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone,

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt,

A C T II.

SCENE I. BAPTISTA'S House in Padua.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bianca.

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds—

Unbind

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
 Or, what you will command me, will I do,
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
 I never yet beheld that special face
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'st ; Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike your fancy riches more ;
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
 Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
 You have but jested with me all this while :
 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands,

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this in-
 fence ? ———

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps :—
 Go ply the needle ; meddle not with her.—
 For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What, in my sight ?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see,
 She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;
 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
 Talk not to me ; I will go sit and weep,
 'Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATH.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I ?
 But who comes here ?

Enter

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO with HORTENSIO, like a Musician; TRANNIO, and BIONDELLO bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentleman!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir.

That—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour—
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief:

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name: Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be
doing.

Gre.

Gre. I doubt it not, fir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To exprefs the like kindnefs myfelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young fcholar, that hath been long ftudying at Rheims [*Presenting* LUCENTIO]; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks; his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks ſignior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle fir, methinks you walk like a ſtranger; [*To* TRANIO.] May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, fir, the boldnefs is mine own; That, being a ſtranger in this city here, Do make myfelf a ſuitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the elder fiſter: This liberty is all that I requeſt— That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo, And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.

And, toward the education of your daughters, I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument, And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of Piſa, fir; ſon to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report I know him well: you are very welcome, fir.— Take you the lute, and you the ſet of books,

[*To* HORTENSIO and LUCENTIO.

You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently. Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

Theſe gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both, Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.

[*Exit Servant with* HORTENSIO and LUCEN.
We

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:

Then tell me—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife!

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood—be it that she survive me—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained.
This is—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his Head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;
 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these ? quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way ;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;
 While she did call me—rascal fidler,
 And—twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did :
 Oh, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited ;
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,

{*Exit BAP. with GRE. HOR. and TRA.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say, that she rail ; why then I'll tell her plain,
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
 Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week ;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the bans, and when be married :—
 But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINE.

Good-morrow Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate.
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all cates: and therefore Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of and thy beauty founded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you
 hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
 For knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kath. Ah, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
 In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Who's tongue?

Kath. Your's, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
 again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me you are no gentleman ;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate ? oh, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Pet. A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so
four.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not four.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kath. Had I a glass I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp ?

Oh slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kath.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witlefs else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well),
Thou must be marricd to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial.
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amifs.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 'tis thus—yourself and all the world;
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amifs of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel:
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first:

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chuse her for myself; If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company,

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: Oh, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kifs on kifs

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath to oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands; God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And kifs me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE *severally*.]

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you; 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch. But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—

Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbour and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper stand back ; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnish'd with plate and gold ;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping ; then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is her's,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in — Sir, list to me ;
I am my father's heir, and only son :
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
My land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall have ; besides an argosy,

That

That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—

What have I choak'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd:—on Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

A C T III.

S C E N E I. BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Lucentio.

FIDLER, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune ?

[HORTENSIO retires.]

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before—*Simois*, I am Lucentio—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing—*Priami*, is my man Tranio

—*regia* bearing my port—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

Bian. Let's hear:—O fie! the treble jars,

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again,

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not,

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars. How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, *Licio*, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile; My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait, And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd, Our fine musician groweth amorous.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*reading.*] Gamut *I am the ground of all accord,*

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion;

B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
 E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
 Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
 To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
 And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
 You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [Exit.]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [Exit.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
 Methinks he looks as though he were in love:—
 Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
 To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
 Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
 Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE,
 LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
 That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd.
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
 What will be said? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
 To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen;
 Who wood in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns,
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And

And say—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.*

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ?
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though !

[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! news, old news, and such news
as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news ?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin : a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd ; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points : His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred : besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots ; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather ; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots : one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters

for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;— Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by faint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now fadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with
words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[Exit PET. GRU. and BION.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exit.]

Tra. But, sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which,

Which, once perform'd, let all the world say—*no*,
I'll keep mine own despatch of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;

Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:

A health, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,

Carousing to his mates after a storm:

Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops

All in the Sexton's face: having no other reason—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And after me I know the rout is coming;
 Such a mad marriage never was before:
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Musick plays.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, BIANCA, HORTENSIO,
and BAPTISTA.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
 I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day before night come:—
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat your stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be,

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
 No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
 You may be jogging while your boots are green;
 For me, I'll not begone 'till I please myself:—

'Tis

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly furly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry,

Kath. I will be angry: What hast thou to do?—

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry—or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;

I'll buckle thee against a million.

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing;

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-
groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast:—

Lucentio you shall supply the bridegroom's place:

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T IV.

S C E N E I. PETRUCHIO'S Country House.

*Enter GRUMIO.**Grumio.*

FYE, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

*Enter CURTIS.**Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?*Gru.* A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?*Gru.* Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.*Curt.* I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?*Gru.*

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt: and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—

call

call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarfop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving men.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whorefon malt-horse
drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, fir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Where is the life that late I led—

[*Singing.*]

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains: When?

It was the friar of orders grey,

[*Sings.*]

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate:—some water, here; what, ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?—
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
You, whorefon villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whorefon, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?

1 Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser.

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[Throws the meat, &c. about the Stage.]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Pet. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.

D

Another

Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
 That is—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
 That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
 That all is done in reverend care of her;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake:
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humours:—
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Before BAPTISTA'S House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand by.]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[They retire backwards.]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
 You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despightful love! unconstant womankind!—
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you—if you be so contented—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath—
Never to marry her, though she would entreat:
Fye on her! see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit HORTENSIO.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA come forward.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: But have you both forsworn
me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming-school! what is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long—
'To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatanté, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis

'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, fir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, fir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, fir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, fir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, fir;—so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, fir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, fir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, fir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter KATHARINE and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :
 What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I—who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat—
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep :
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love ;
 As who should say—if I should sleep or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
 I prithee go, and get me some repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too phlegmatick a meat :—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
 That triumph thus upon my misery !
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me,
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak,

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

D 4

Kath.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us see't,
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—

Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance!
 Thou lieſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
 Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread?
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
 Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou ſhalt think on prating whiſt thou liv'ſt!
 I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
 Juſt as my maſter had direction:
 Grumio gave orders how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt ſac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men;
 brave not me: I will neither be ſac'd nor brav'd. I ſay
 unto thee—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown: but I did
 not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tai. *Imprimis, a looſe bodied gown:—*

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow me
 up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of
 brown thread: I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a ſmall compaſs'd cape;*

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk ſleeve;—*

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tai. *The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, ſir; error i' the bill. I com-
 manded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again;
 and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be
 armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I ſay; an I had thee in place
 where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

Gru.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, fir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, fir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, fir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, fir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*]

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate: we will unto your father's, Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh, no good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolick, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, fir, 'tis almost two;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse :
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let's alone :
 I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the fun.

[*Exit* PET. KATH. and HOR.]

SCENE IV. *Before BAPTISTA's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant, dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house : Please it you that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceiv'd,
 Signior Baptista may remember me,
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,
 With such austeriety as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy :
 'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
 Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him, that your father was in Venice ;
 And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thour't a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.
 Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :
 Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of ;
 I pray you, stand good father to me now,
 Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Pet. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua
 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself :
 And—for the good report I hear of you,
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And she to him—to stay him not too long,
 I am content, in a good father's care,
 To have him match'd ; and—if you please to like
 No worse than I, sir—upon some agreement,
 Me shall you find ready and willing
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd :
 For curious I cannot be with you,
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
 Your plainness, and your shortness please me well.
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this—
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is made, and all is done :
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
 We be affy'd ; and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still :
 And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :
 There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well :
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this—that at so slender warning,
 You'r like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight :
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened ;—
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart. [*Exit,*
Tra.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
 Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

Bion. Cambio—

[*LUCENTIO returns.*

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind,
 to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus—Baptista is safe, talking with the de-
 ceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the sup-
 per.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your
 command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a coun-
 terfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio
 ad imprimendum solum*: to the church take the priest, clerk,
 and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
 But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an
 afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a
 rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master
 hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest
 be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;

It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E V. *A green Lane:*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crost and crost; nothing but crost!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, since we are come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun:—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[*To* VINCENTIO.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too—

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

1

Kath.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-fire: and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir—and you my merry mistress—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa:
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath marry'd:—Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualify'd as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET. KATH. and VINCEN-

Hor.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *Before LUCENTIO's House.*

*Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO
walking on one side.*

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee
at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and
then come back to my master as soon as I can. [*Exeunt.*]

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, VINCENTIO, and
Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.
[*Pedant looks out of the window.*]

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the
gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two
to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall
need none so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—
Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances—I
pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua, and here
looking out at the window.

Vin.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, fir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain! I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

Bion. I hope I may choose, fir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What, have you forgot me?

Bion.—Forgot you? no, fir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worshipful old master? yes, marry, fir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter below, the Pedant with Servants, BAPTISTA, and TRANIO.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, fir? nay, what are you, fir?—Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain! a filken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloke! and a copatain hat!—Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick'?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-man: Why, fir,
E what

what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—Oh villain!—he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, fir; you mistake, fir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name? I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad afs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio!—oh, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—Oh, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: carry this mad knave to the jail:—father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio?

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—
Oh monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exit BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant.]

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

[Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap.

Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where's Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me
to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter
without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:
But I will in to be reveng'd for this villany. [*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to found the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt.*]

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE *advancing.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, firrah, let's
away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love,
stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. LUCENTIO'S Apartment.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, GRUMIO, HORTENSIO, and Widow. The Serving-Men with TRANIO bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :
 And time it is, when raging war is done,
 To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine ;—
 Brother Petruchio—sister Katharina—
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow—
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house ;
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;
 For now we sit and chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense ;
 I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : Kifs him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :—
 I pray you tell me what you mean by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
 And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, fir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINE, and Widows.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, fir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, fir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you there?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content;—what's the wager;

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done,

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc.

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too;
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*

Pet. Oh, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can yours will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me. [*Exit. GRU.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINE.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What's your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit KATH.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.—

Re-enter KATHARINE with BIANCA and Widow.

See where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of your's becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[She pulls off her Cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake their buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
 I am ashamed that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft condition, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts ?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
 My mind hath been as big as one of your's,
 My heart as great ; my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;
 But now I see our lances are but straws ;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare—
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench !—Come on, and kiss me Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed :—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;

And, being a winner, God give you good night !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE.]

Hor. Now, go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]







SHAKESPEARE

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

W. G. Del.

Goussier sculp.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, *Count of Roussillon.*

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES, *a parasitical Follower of Bertram; a Coward, but vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.*

Several young French Lords, that served with Bertram in the Florentine War.

Steward, }
Clown, } *Servants to the Countess of Roussillon.*

W O M E N.

Countess of Roussillon, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, *Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some time since dead.*

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA, }
MARIANA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

The Persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The Countess of Roussillon's House in France.*

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Roussillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Countess.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that *bad!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have ply'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was

skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against morality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. —No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;

'Tis

'Tis an unseasoned courtier, good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven blefs him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. [*To HELENA.*] The best wishes that can be
forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfort-
able to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit
of your father. [*Exeunt BER. and LAF.*]

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!—
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar:
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.—

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricadoe it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself: and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offenders against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't;

with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill; it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
 A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
 A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
 His humble ambition, proud humility;
 His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
 His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
 Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
 That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
 I know not, what he shall:—God send him well!—
 The court's a learning place;—and he is one——

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well——'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
 Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
 Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
 Might with effects of them follow our friends,
 And shew what we alone must think, which never
 Returns us thanks.

B

Enter

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord, calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of business I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kifs, like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,

What

What hath been, cannot be. Whoever strove
 To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.

S C E N E II. *Changes to the Court of France.*

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
 A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria;
 With caution that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem
 To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love, and wisdom,
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
 For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer;
 And Florence is deny'd, before he comes:
 Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
 To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
 For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rouffillon, my good lord,
 Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
 Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
 May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

B 2

Ber.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship,
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them, unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approval lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live*—
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—*let me not live* (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits; whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

Mere

*Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—*This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure.—Welcome, count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear, what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, firrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries your's.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: but if I have your ladyship's

ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry?

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a weary of. He, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyfam the papist, howsoever their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and a calumnious knave?

Clo.

Clo. A prophet, I, madam; I speak the truth the next way:—

“ For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
“ shall find;

“ Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckoo sings
“ by kind.”

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her: Helen I mean.

Clo. “ Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
[Singing.

“ Why the Grecians sacked Troy?”

“ Fond done, done fond;

“ Was this king Priam's joy?”

“ With that she sighed as she stood,

“ With that she sighed as she stood,

“ And gave this sentence then;

“ Among nine bad if one be good,

“ Among nine bad if one be good,

“ There's yet one good in ten.”

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an' we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit.
Count.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid: and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; thence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
 If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
 Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
 It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
 Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
 By our remembrances of days foregone.
 Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.
 Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.—

Hel.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you,

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother: when I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent; What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam.

Hel. The count Roussillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.—

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were
(so that my lord, your son, were not my brother),
Indeed, my mother!—or, were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I, your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,

You

You love my son ; invention is a sham'd,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
 But tell me then 'tis so :—For, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it one to the other ; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviour,
 That in their kind they speak it : only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected : speak, is't so ?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue :
 If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection ; for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven,
 I love your son :—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
 Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
 That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit ;
 Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him ;
 Yet never know, how that desert should be.
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
 I still pour in the waters of my love,
 And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For

For loving where you do : but if yourself,
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking
 With chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose ;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies ;
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
 To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare, and prov'd effects ; such as his reading
 And manifest experience had collected
 For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me,
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
 More than they were in note ? amongst the rest,
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
 Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it ? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
 They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
 Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints
 More than my father's skill (which was the greatest

Of his profession), that his good receipt
 Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
 By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
 But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
 By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
 Means, and attendants; and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court:—I'll stay at home,
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
 Begone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *The Court of France.*

Enter the King, with young Lords taking Leave for the Florentine War. BERTRAM and PAROLLES. Flourish Cornets.

King.

FAREWELL, young lords: these warlike principles
 Do not throw from you; and you, my lords, farewell:—
 Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
 And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
 After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
 And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
 Will not confess, he owes the malady
 That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
 Whether I live or die, be you the sons
 Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
 (Those bated, that inherit but the fall
 Of the last monarchy) see that you come

Not

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy—take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand. Beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a Couch.*]

1 *Lord.* Oh, sweet my lord, that you will stay behind
us!—

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early—

Par. An' thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely,

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! by heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body;

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!—

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and your's are kin.

Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals!

You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain
Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his
sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to
him, I live; and observe his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will
you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—

Par. Use a more specious ceremony to the noble lords:
you

you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressivè to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LAFEU.

[*LAFEU kneels.*]

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has bought his pardon. I would, you Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acrofs:—but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an' if My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a *médecin*, That's able to breathe life into a stone;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand, And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-she: my lord, there's one arriv'd, If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour, If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one, that in her sex, her years, profession, Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than

Than I dare blame my weakness : Will you see her
(For that is her demand), and know her business ?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee,
May spend our wonder too, or take of thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit LAFEU.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [Returns.] Nay, come your ways.

[Bringing in HELENA.]

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise toward him ;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own too ; more dear I have so :
And hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate : I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
 To prostitute our past-cure malady
 To empirics ; or to dissever so
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem
 A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
 I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
 Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
 A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :
 Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,
 As one near death to those that wish him live :
 But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes ; great floods have flow'd
 From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,
 When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;
 Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
 Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
 It is not so with him, that all things knows,
 As 'tis with us, that square our guesses by shows :
 But most it is presumption in us, when
 The help of heaven we count the act of men.
 Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
 I am not an impostor, that proclaim
 Myself against the level of mine aim ;
 But know, I think, and think I know most sure,
 My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven,

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.

C

Exempted

Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or image of the state,
 But such a one thy vassal ; whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :
 So make the choice of thine own time, for I,
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
 More should I question thee, and more I must ;
 (Though more to know could not be more to trust :)
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on—But rest
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
 Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Roussillon.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Cl. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught : I know my business is but to the court.

Count. But to the court ! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But to the court !

Cl. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court : but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Cl. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks ; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brown-buttock, or any buttock.

Count.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruff for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth: nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am courtier;—it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of your's that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, as you are whipping, and *spare not me*? indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my — *O Lord, sir*; I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back :
 Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son :
 This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : You understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *The Court of France.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists——

Par. So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows——

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable——

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd——

Par. Right ; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death——

Par. Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the word.

Par. It is, indeed ; if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there——

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said ; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the
brief

brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELEN, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you said well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a corrantio.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one!—

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

[*She addresses herself to a Lord.*

Hel.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I have done already :

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

“ We blush that thou should choose, but be refus'd ;

“ Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,

“ We'll ne'er come there again.”

King. Make choice ; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to imperial *Love*, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ;—all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-
ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty-times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An' they were sons of mine,
I'd have them whipt ; or I would send them to the Turk
to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take ;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her :
sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er
got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet—I am sure thy father drunk
wine.—

wine.—But if thou be'st not an afs, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not fay, I take you; but I give Me, and my fervice, ever whilst I live, Into your guided power. This is the man.

[To BERTRAM.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt answer for your raiſing? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter), thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo,
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed.
Where great adition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name, vilenefs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;

And

And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our foregoers : the mere word's a slave
 Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
 A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to
 choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad :
 Let the rest go.—

King. My honour's at the stake ; which, to defend,
 I must produce my power : Here, take her hand,
 Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt ;
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good ;
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge, and hate
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
 What great creation, and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it ; I find that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize ; if not in thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night ; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but PAROLLES and LAFEU.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur—a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord ! my master !

Laf. Ay ; Is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one ; and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouffillon ?

Par. To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man ; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you, you are too old.—

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow ; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel ; it might pass ; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee ; when I lose thee again, I care not ; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up ; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart: and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.—

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an' he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an' if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more faucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then. Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Altho' before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:— I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber.

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
 Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
 And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
 That which I durst not speak. His present gift
 Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
 Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
 To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
 I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.
 'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
 The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Cl. She is not well, but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she's not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing in the world; but yet she is not well,

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Cl. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep

keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave, thou art a knave: that's before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he doth acknowledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[Exit PAROLLES.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah, [To Clown. Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. I pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. O, I know him well: Ay, sir, he, sir's, a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? *[Aside to PAROL.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given orders for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride—
And, ere I do begin—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain!

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs,
and

and all, like him that leapt into the custard ; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord : and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut : the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence : I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.—

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I know him well ; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting ; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministrations and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business ; therefore am I found
So much unsettled : This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home :
And rather muse, than ask why I entreat you ;
For my respects are better than they seem ;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews itself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a Letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out That,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let That go:

My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith,
yes;—

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kifs.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

[Exit HELENA.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.
Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Duke's Court in Florence.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords
with Soldiers.

Duke.

So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after,

1 Lord.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part ; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it ; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guesst.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well :
When better fall, for your avails they fell ;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. *Roussillon, in France.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it ;
save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend
the ruff, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his
teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of
melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means
to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court.
Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country, are nothing

D

like

like your old ling, and your Isbels o' the court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

Countess reads a Letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM,

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son was run away.

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam!

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone——

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen—
I have

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?
2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Flo-
rence.

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never
shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body
that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such
a Then I write a Never!*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer:

If thou engroffest all the griefs as thine,

Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,

The Duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!*

'Tis bitter.

[*Reading.*]

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,

But only she; and she deserves a lord,

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, Mistrefs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Roufillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again! Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the ravening lion when he roar'd

With

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouffillon;
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
 My being here it is that holds thee hence.
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night! end, day!
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

S C E N E III. *The Duke's Court in Florence.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Drum
 and Trumpets, Soldiers, PAROLLES.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth,
 And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. *Rouffillon in France.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
 Might you not know, she would do, as she has done,
 By sending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER

L E T T E R.

Stew. *I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone ;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie ;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words?—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope he may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense

To make distinction : Provide this messenger :—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
 Grief would have tears, sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. *Without the Walls of Florence.*

A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know the knave (hang him !) one Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all their engines of lust ; are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade the succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so——Look, here comes a pilgrim ; I know

know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her:

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. Jacques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? *[A March afar off.]*

Wid. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you!

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of your's,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Roufillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him.

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported; for the king had married him

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated; all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay! right: good creature! wheresoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, BERTRAM, PAROLLES,
Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'Tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's that same
knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he me-
lancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.—

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he
has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES, &c.*

Mar.

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!—

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you,

Where you shall host: Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried

ried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum flicks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum, or another, or *hic jacet*—

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for
a worthy

a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week escape a great deal of discoveries: but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imbos'd him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 Lord. I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 Lord. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you. [Exit.
Ber.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
The las I spoke of.

I Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

I Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these busineses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The gentle count he woos your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny,

That

That she'll demand: A ring the county wears
 That downward hath succeeded in his house
 From son to son, some four or five descents,
 Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
 In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
 To buy his will it would not seem too dear,
 Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more.
 But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
 Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
 In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
 Herself most chaste and absent; after this,
 To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
 To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
 That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
 May prove coherent. Every night he comes
 With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd
 To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
 To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
 As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
 And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
 Where both sin, and yet a sinful fact.

But let's about it.—

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *Part of the French Camp in Florence.*

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in Ambush.

Lord.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge corner:
 When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language
 you

you will ; tho' you understand it not yourselves, no matter ; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsley-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages ; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another ; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose : chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But, couch, ho ! here he comes ; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me ; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

[*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit : yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give : Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord.

Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'T would not do. [Aside.]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside.]

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel!—

Lord. How deep? [Aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believ'd. [Aside.]

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [Alarum within.]

Lord. *Throcamovousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Crago, crago, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—do dot hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.]

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Musko's regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

*Kereybonto:—*Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray,
Mancha revania dulce.

Lord. *Osceoribi dulchos volivorce.*

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet;

And,

And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space. [Exit with PAR.
[A short Alarum within.]

Lord. Go, tell the count Rouffillon and my brother
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muf-
fled

'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, fir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock't.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *The Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

E

Dia.

Dia. No.

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that !

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows :
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our barenness.

Ber. How have I sworn ?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not 'bides,
But take the Higheft to witness : Then, pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love.
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unfeal'd ;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it :
Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desire,
Who then recovers. Say, thou art mine ; and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring :
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
 Brings in the champion honour on my part,
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
 My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-
 window ;
 I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
 Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
 My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
 When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
 And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
 Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,
 May token to the future our past deeds.
 Adieu, 'till then ; then, fail not : You have won
 A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me !
 You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
 As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men
 Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me
 When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him,
 When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid :
 Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
 To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III. *The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* It is not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he hath set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him, 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Roufillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning
for

for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesse, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the busines be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the busines is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes: *Partotartarossa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures: What, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Inter. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

Inter. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. *First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said (I will say true), or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter.

Inter. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Gultian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

Inter. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his Hand in Anger.]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day to turn him

him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis; here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

Inter. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the Letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before;

And say, a soldier (Dian.) told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boys are but to kifs.

For, count of this, the count's a fool, I know it;

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipp'd thro' the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter.

Inter. I perceive, fir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, fir, in any case : not that I am afraid to die ; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, fir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, any where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll say what may be done, so you confess freely ; therefore, once more, to this captain Dumain : you have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour : What is he honestly ?

Par. He will steal, fir, an egg out of a cloister ; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths ; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, fir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool : drunkenness is his best virtue ; for he will be swine-drunk ; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him ; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, fir, of his honesty : he has every thing that an honest man should not have ; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty ? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war ?

Par. Faith, fir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians ; to belie him, I will not ; and more of his foldiership I know not ; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can ; but of this I am not certain,

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him ! he's a cat still.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt ?

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it ; and cut the intail from
from

from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat, he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming-on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rouffillon.

Inter. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken. [*Aside.*]

Inter. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death.

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*]

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouffillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*]

Inter.

Inter. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you can find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft, As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! } There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Widow's House, at Florence.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
 Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
 To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
 With what it loathes, for that which is away;
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Diā. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am your's
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
 But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
All's well that ends well: still the *fine's* the crown;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *Roussillon.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tail'd humble bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, fir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, fir, I have not much skill in grafs.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, fir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, fir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, fir, he has an English name; but his phif-nomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, fir; *alias* the prince of darkness, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, fir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will
be

be too chill and tender ; and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee ; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways ; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks ; which are their own right by the law of nature.

[*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him : by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 'tis not amiss : and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose : his highness has promis'd me to do it ; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty ; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows: but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *The Court of France at Marseilles.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And, therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The

The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;

Tho' time seems so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouffillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Rouffillon.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this
letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you,
when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I
am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell some-
what strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it
F smell

smell so strongly as thou speak'st of; I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

Cl. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Cl. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that hath fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clown.]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf-

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, enquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth, When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all: Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say—
But first I beg my pardon—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance dear. Well—call him hither; We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition; Let him not ask our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead,

And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,

For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended, or contracted, all proportions
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:—

That

That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
 From that great 'compt: But love, that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sencer turns a four offence,
 Crying, That is good that is gone: our rash faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends; and, after, weep their dust:
 Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
 Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now, forget her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
 The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which, better than the first, O dear heaven bless,
 Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
 Must be digested: give a favour from you
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
 That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
 And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
 The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
 I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
 This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
 I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
 Necessity'd to help, that by this token
 I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
 Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
 The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
 I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
 At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it. In Florence was it from a casement thrown me, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in the course of honour As she had made the overture, she ceas'd In heavy satisfaction, and would never Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself, That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature's mystery more science, Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's, Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know, That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her. She call'd the fain'ts to surety, That she would never put it from her finger, Unless she gave it to yourself in bed (Where you have never come), or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour; And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me, Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so;— And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly, And she is dead; which nothing, but to close Her eyes myself, could win me to believe, More than to see this ring. Take him away,

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, Shall tax my fears of little vanity, Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;— We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove

This ring was ever her's, you shall as easy Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,

Where yet she never was.

[*Exit BERTRAM guarded.*
Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not :
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, some four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

The King reads a Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this.

I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

I am afraid, the life of Helen (lady),
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, sir, wives are so monstrous to you;
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine;

Derived

Derived from the ancient Capulet ;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count ; do you know these women ?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them : Do they charge me further ?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife ?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ;
You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied your's,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her. [To BERTRAM.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your high-
ness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them : Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies !

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel ; yet for all that,

He

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife—
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument ; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him ?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Which nature sickens with : but to speak truth—
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing ?

King. She hath that ring of your's.

Ber. I think she has : certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth :
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint ;
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy : and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring ;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient :
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was your's, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

G

King.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confes the ring was her's.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, firrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him,
which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a wo-
man.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave: What an
equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty, I did go between
them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for,
indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed: and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak
of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

King.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too little in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. This ring, you say, was your's?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were your's by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be your's, or her's, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;

To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me, where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;

He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir,

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

[*To BERT.*

Though

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
 He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
 And at that time he got his wife with child :
 Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick ;
 So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick.
 And now behold the meaning.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist
 Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
 Is't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
 'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
 The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ! oh, pardon !

Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
 I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
 And look you, here's your letter : This it says,
*When from my finger you can get this ring,
 And are by me with child, &c.* This is done.
 Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
 I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step between me and you !
 O, my dear mother, do I see you living ? [*To the Countess.*]

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—
 Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief, [*To PAR.*]
 So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport
 with thee : Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
 To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—
 If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To DIANA.*]
 Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
 For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
 Of that, and all the progress more and less,
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
 All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet, [*Exeunt.*]

THE END.



